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THE REFLECTOR.

CHARITY.

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities."

There is no virtue, in which men are more deficient, than in the exercise of that spirit of charity, "which beareth all things, and hopeth all things."—Though we never should countenance error, yet ought we to view and reprove with tenderness the faults of others. The pride of our hearts, which is ever leading us astray, impels us to detect and expose the errors of our neighbors and thus triumph in our fancied superiority. We place our character as a model, and every difference or deficiency receives our condemnation. unmindful of the endless diversity of characters; the peculiar constitution of different minds; and the variety of motives which govern human actions, we mark out one path of thought and action for the whole, an attempt as absurd and impracticable, as to prescribe one orbit for all the planets which glitter in the firmament.

Charity does not require us to excuse the vices, or overlook the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of friendship is that affectionate censorship which watches over the actions of another, marks his errors, and sedulously labors for their correction. But it instructs us to bear with affectionate sympathy those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses, either of gaiety or depression, to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution and humanity, and reprove him with that meekness which would result from conviction that we ourselves are fallible, and that we frequently require to-day the admonitions which we so freely imparted yesterday. Another important duty is to guard and defend. The world are prying and captious, and the shafts of calumny fly too thickly to miss even the most spotless character. We need not point out the numerous occasions which present themselves to silence the calumnious hint, and rectify the equivocal remark. As the depository of his sentiments, and the confident of his secrets, we ought ever to guard the character of a friend; and without excusing or palliating his errors, we may often throw the mantle of our protection over his foibles.

LONG LIFE.

He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable; but it is only from preceding labors that rest acquires its true relish When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens: and the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of men bear witness, who after spending a great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves, in wealthy inactivity and profound repose, where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on with uniform languor; with the melancholy remembrance, often returning, of the cheerful hours they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business and labours of the world.

To enjoy long life, and see many days, is the universal wish; and as the wish is prompted by nature, it cannot be in itself unlawful. At the same time, several circumstances concur to temper the eagerness of this wish; and to show us that it should always be formed under due submission to the wiser judgment of Heaven. Who among us can tell whether, in wishing for the continuance of many years on earth we may not be wishing for a prolongation of distress and misery? You might live, my friends, till you had undergone lingering rounds of severe pain, from which death would have proved a seasonable deliverance. You might live till your breasts were pierced with many a wound, from public calamities or private sorrow. You might live till you beheld the death of all whom you had loved; till you survived all those who love you; till you were left as desolate strangers on earth, in the midst of a new race, who neither knew you, nor cared for you but who wished you off the stage. Of a nature so ambiguous are all the prospects which life sets before us, that in every wish we form relating to them much reason we have to be satisfied that our times are in the hands of God, rather than our own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCY OF THE FOLD.

Many a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the remembrance of the most affecting incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fade like the mist, and leaves heart-rending grief undeplored. Elements and dirges might indeed have well been sung amidst the green ruins of yonder cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a cattle shed shaken down by the storm. Twenty years ago—how short a time in National history—how long in that of private sorrows! all tongues were speaking of the death that there befel: and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could have never been forgotten. But stop now the shepherd on the hill, and ask him who lived of old in that nook, and chance is, he knows not even their name, much less the story of their afflictions. That farmhouse was inhabited by Allen Fleming, his wife, and only child, known familiarly in her own small world, by the name of Lucy of the Fold. In almost every vale among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously as an object of attraction, and praise, making her May-day Queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming, ere she had finished her thirteenth year; and strangers, who had heard of her loveliness, often dropped in, as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydalmere. Her parents rejoiced in their child; nor was their any reason why they should dislike the expression of delight and wonder, with which so many regarded her.—She was as a woodland bird, but as fond of her nest too; and when there was nothing near to disturb, her life was almost a perpetual hymn. From joy to sadness, and from sadness to joy; from silence to song, and from song to silence; from stillness like that of the butterfly on the flower, to motion like that of the same creature, wavering in the sunshine over the woodtop, was to Lucy as welcome a change, as the change of lights and shadows, breezes and calms in the mountain-country of her birth.

One summer day, a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodgings with them for a few months: a single room for bed and books: and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever hero of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination. He come into the free mountain region, from the confinement of college walls, and his spirit was expanded within him like a rainbow. No eyes had he for realities; all nature was seen in the light of fancy; nor a single object at sunrise and sunset the same. All was beautiful within the circle of the green hill tops, whether shrouded in the soft mists, or clearly outlined in a cloudless sky. Home, friends, cottages, cities, all sunk away into oblivion, and Harry Howard felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea: foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty, appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and revelling in new emotion.—In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books, in all languages, and there was much wondering talk over all the countryside, about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.

Every day, and when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour, was Lucy before the young poet's eyes; and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr. Howard was, or even if that were indeed his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of genteel birth, and all with whom he had ever conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold. It was indeed even so—for, before the long summer days were gone, he, who had never had a sister, loved her even as if he had slept on the same maternal bosom. Father or mother he now had none—indeed scarcely one near relation; although he was rich in this world's riches, but in them poor, in comparison with the noble endowments that nature had lavished upon his mind. His guardians took little heed of the splendid, but wayward youth; and knew not now whither his fancies had carried him; were it even to some savage land. Thus, the Fold became to him the one dearest roof under the roof of Heaven. All the simple on-goings of that humble home, love and imagination beautified into poesy; and all the rough or course edges of lowly life, were softened away in the light of genius that transmuted every thing on which it fell: while all the silent intimations which nature gave there of her primal sympathies in the hut as fine and forcible as in the hall, showed to his excited spirit pre-eminently beautiful, and chained it to the hearth, around which was read the morning and evening prayer.

What wild schemes does not love imagine, and in the face of every impossibility, achieve! "I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in place of all the world. I will myself breathe light over her being till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away, perennial and self-renewed. In a few years that bright, docile creature, shall have the soul of a very angel, and then, before God, and at his holy altar, mine shall she become for ever; here and hereafter; in this paradise of earth, and if more celestial be, in the paradise of Heaven."

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past; and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with an individual so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature; tall, though she scarcely seemed so, except when among her playmates; and in her maturing loveliness, and far more than fulfilling the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger; stranger no more, spoken to daughter, father or mother, of his love. Indeed, for all that he felt towards Lucy; there must have been some other word than love. Tenderness, which was almost pity, an affection that was often sad, wonder at her surpassing beauty, nor less at her unconsciousness of its powers; admiration of her spiritual qualities, that ever rose up to meet instruction as if already formed; and that heart-throbbing that stirs the blood of youth when the innocent eyes it loves are beaming in the twilight through smiles or through tears; these and a thousand other feelings, and above all, the creative faculty of a poet's soul, now constituted his very being, when Lucy was in his presence, nor forsook him when he was alone among the mountains.

In spring, Mr. Howard went away for a few months, it was said to the great city of London; and on his return at midsummer Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, & though absent were still together. And now a letter came to the Fold, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold. A few beautiful fields in Eastdale, long mortgaged beyond their fee-simple by the hard working statesman from whom they reluctantly were passing away, had meanwhile been purchased by Mr. Howard, and in that cottage they were to abide, till they had built for themselves a house, a little farther up the side of the sylvan hill, below the shadow of the Crag. Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun but it was in her mind's eye only, for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things.

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere, by the majestic pass of the solitary Hawse, still as every new star arose in Heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed. The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold, and as he reached the cliffs above Whitemos, lo! according to agreement, a light was burning in the low window, the very planet of love. It seemed to shed a bright serenity over all the vale, and the moon-glittering waters of Rydalmere were as an image of life, pure, lonely, undisturbed, and at the pensive hours how profound! "Blessing and praise be to the gracious God, who framed my spirit so to delight in his beautiful and glorious creation: blessing and praise to the Holy One, for the boon of my Lucy's innocent and religious love!" Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes, as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid, in the trembling of life-deep affection, to meet her first embrace.

In the silence, he heard sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans. Then in another moment, he saw through the open door of the room where Lucy used to sleep, several figures, moving to and fro in the light, and a figure upon its knees; who else could it be, but her father! Unnoticed, he become one of the pale-faced company; and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty: eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast! 'Dead dead, dead,' muttered in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor.

Encircled with arms that lay around him, softer and silkier far than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit, lying even on his own maiden's bed, and within her very bosom, that beat yet, although soon about to beat no more! At that blest awaking moment, he might have thought he saw the first glimpse of light of the morning after his marriage-day, for her face was turned towards his heart, and, with her faint breathings, he felt the touch of tears. Not tears alone now bedimmed those eyes, for tears he could have kissed away, but the blue lids were heavy with something that was not slumber; the orbs themselves were scarcely visible; and her voice, it was gone, to be heard never again, till in the choir of white robed spirits, that sing at the right hand of God!

Yet no one doubted that she knew him—him who had dropped down, like a superior being, from another sphere, on the innocence of her simple childhood; had taught her to know so much of her own soul; to love her parents with a profounder and more holy love; to see, in characters more divine, Heaven's promises of forgiveness to every contrite heart, and a life of perfect blessedness beyond death and the grave! A smile that shone over her face the moment she had been brought to know that he had come at last, and was nigh at hand, and that never left it while her bosom moved, no, not for all the three days and nights that he continued to sit beside the beautiful corpse, when father and mother were forgetting their cares in sleep; that smile told all who stood around, watching her departure, neighbor, friend, priest, parent, and him the suddenly distracted and desolate, that, in the very moment of expiration, she knew him well, and was recommending him and his afflictions to the pity of one who died to save sinners!

Three days and three nights, we have said, did he sit beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride, and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not; his sight was fixed on the winding sheet, eyeing it without a single tear, from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to heaven. As men forgotten in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he; and so he would have done, on and on to the most far off funeral day. From that one chair, close to the bed side, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the mid-nights there had been a great thunder storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage but it seemed that he heard it not; and during the floods of next day, the roaring vale to him was silent. On the morning of the funeral, the old people, for now they seemed to be old, wept to see him sitting unconscious beside their dead child; for each remaining hour had now its own sad office.—Three large specks suddenly alighted on the face of the corpse: and then off, and on, and away, and returning, was heard the buzzing of large bell flies, attracted by beauty in its corruption. "Ha, ha!" startling up, he cried in horror, "what birds of prey are these, whom Satan hath sent to devour the corpse?"—He became stricken with a sort of palsy; and, being let out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green daisied turf, where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore they had so often sat, holding up beautiful visions of a long and blissful life!

The company assembled; but not before his eyes; the bier was lifted up and moved away down the sylvan slope, and away round the head of the lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied, here and there, as it passed the way side houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of Psalms, but he saw, he heard it not, when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grove, he was not by, but all the while he was lying where they had left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet. When he awoke again and rose up, the Cottage of the Fold was as if she never had been born, for she had vanished forever and aye, and sixteen years smiling life was all extinguished in dust!

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes, and a mortal ghastliness over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul. It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth, yet when left by himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold. —During the first glimmerings of remaining reason, he would utter her name, over and over many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead; then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her; and her fever in its blessed balm might abate; then with groans too affecting to be borne by those who had heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband in life, and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Grassmere Church yard, and clasping a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting fits returned, and after long convulsions, left him lying as if stone dead! As for his bodily frame, when Lucy's father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern.

Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive, yet not till the earth had revolved seven times round the sun, did that body die, and then it was buried far, far away from the Fold, the banks of the Rydal water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland; for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Sion, and was laid with a lock of beautiful hair, which from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long, and was to moulder away in darkness together, by a Christian hand and in a Christian Sepulchre.

Indian Captivity.

[CONTINUED.]

About planting time, our Indians all went up to Fort Pitt, to make peace with the British, and took me with them.* We landed on the opposite side of the river from the fort, and encamped for the night. Early the next morning the Indians took me over to the fort to see the white people that were there. It was then that my heart bounded to be liberated from the Indians and to be restored to my friends and my country. The white people were surprized to see me with the Indians, enduring the hardships of a savage life, at so early an age, and with so delicate a constitution as I appeared to possess. They asked me my name; where and when I was taken—and appeared very much interested on my behalf. They were continuing their inquiries, when my sisters became alarmed, believing that I should be taken from them, hurried me into their canoe and recrossed the river—took their bread out of the fire and fled with me, without stopping, till they arrived at the river Shenanjee. So great was their fear of losing me, or of my being given up in the treaty, that they never once stopped rowing till they got home.

Shortly after we left the shore opposite the fort, as I was informed by one of my Indian brothers, the white people came over to take me back; but after considerable inquiry, and having made diligent search to find where I was hid, they returned with heavy hearts. Although I had then been with the Indians something over a year, and had become considerably habituated to their mode of living, and attached to my sisters, the sight of white people who could speak English inspired me with an unspeakable anxiety to go home with them, and share in the blessings of civilization. My sudden departure and escape from them, seemed like a second captivity, and for a long time I brooded the thoughts of my miserable situation with almost as much sorrow and dejection as

* History is silent as to any treaty having been made between the English, and French and Indians, at that time; though it is possible that a truce was agreed upon, and that the parties met for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace.

I had done those of my first sufferings. Time, the destroyer of every affection, wore away my unpleasant feelings, and I became as contented as before.

We tended our cornfields through the summer; and after we had harvested the crop, we again went down the river to the hunting ground on the Sciota, where we spent the winter, as we had done the winter before.

Early in the spring we sailed up the Ohio river, to a place that the Indians called Wiishto,* where one river emptied into the Ohio on one side, and another on the other. At that place the Indians built a town, and we planted corn.

We lived three summers at Wiishto, and spent each winter on the Sciota.

The first summer of our living at Wiishto, a party of Delaware Indians came up the river, took up their residence, and lived in common with us. They brought five white prisoners with them, who by their conversation, made my situation much more agreeable, as they could all speak English. I have forgotten the names of all of them except one, which was Priscilla Ramsay. She was a very handsome, good natured girl, and was married soon after she came to Wiishto to Capt. Little Billy's uncle, who went with her on a visit to her friends in the states. Having tarried with them as long as she wished to, she returned with her husband to Can-u-ah-tua, where he died. She, after his death, married a white man by the name of Nettles, and now lives with him (if she is living) on Grand River, Upper Canada.

Not long after the Delawares came to live with us, at Wiishto, my sisters told me that I must go and live with one of them, whose name was Shenin-jee. Not daring to cross them, or disobey their commands, with a great degree of reluctance I went; and Sheninjee and I were married according to Indian custom.

Sheninjee was a noble man: large in stature; elegant in his appearance; generous in his conduct; courageous in war; a friend to peace, and a great lover of justice. He supported a degree of dignity far above his rank, and merited and received the confidence and friendship of all the tribes with whom he was acquainted. Yet, Sheninjee was an Indian. The idea of spending my days with him, at first seemed perfectly irreconcilable to my feelings: but his good nature, generosity, tenderness, and friendship towards me, soon gained my affection; and, strange as it may seem, I loved him! To me he was ever kind in sickness, and always treated me with gentleness; in fact, he was an agreeable husband, and a comfortable companion. We lived happily together till the time of our final separation, which happened two or three years after our marriage, as I shall presently relate.

In the second summer of my living at Wiishto, I had a child at the time that the kernels of corn first appeared on the cob. When I was taken sick, Sheninjee was absent, and I was sent to a small shed, on the bank of the river, which was made of boughs, where I was obliged to stay till my husband returned. My two sisters, who were my only companions, attended me, and on the second day of my confinement my child was born; but it lived only two days. It was a girl: and notwithstanding the shortness of the time that I possessed it, it was a great grief to me to lose it.

After the birth of my child, I was very sick, but was not allowed to go into the house for two weeks; when, to my great joy, Sheninjee returned, and I was taken in and as comfortably provided for as our situation would admit of. My disease continued to increase for a number of days; and I became so far reduced that my recovery was despaired of by my friends, and I concluded that my troubles would soon be finished. At length, however, my complaint took a favorable turn, and by the time that the corn was ripe I was able to get about. I continued to gain my health, and in the fall was able to go to our winter quarters, on the Sciota, with the Indians.

From that time, nothing remarkable occurred to me till the fourth winter of my captivity, when had a son born, while I was at Sciota: I had a quick recovery, and my child was healthy. To commemorate the name of my much lamented father, I called my son Thomas Jemison.

* Wiishto I suppose was situated near the mouth of Indian Guyandat, 327 miles below Pittsburgh, and 73 above Big Sciota; or at the mouth of Swan creek, 307 miles below Pittsburgh.

FEMALES IN ITALY.

Mr. Carter, in one of his last letters, makes the following observations upon the condition of FEMALES in Italy:—"The country was all in bloom, and the flower plants exhibited a gayety of landscape which can hardly be conceived in less sunny climes. But the inhabitants are miserable, and know not how to appreciate or improve the munificence of nature. We actually saw females harnessed like cattle to the plough, and dragged it thro' the light soil, while a man was lounging in the furrow, guiding the share! Woman, poor woman, is here emphatically degraded into the drudge of life, & it makes the heart bleed to witness the burdens she is often compelled to bear. There is no affectation or sentimentality in this. It is a plain downright matter of fact, which stares the traveller in the face, at every step of his progress through Italy."

General Intelligence.

PIRACY AND MURDER.—We have been politely furnished by a Gentleman, with the following copy of a letter addressed to the Editors of the Baltimore American, dated

FORTRESS MONROE, June 13th, 1827.

The Brigantine Crawford, Captain Henry Brightman, belonging to Troy, (Mass.) sailed from Matanzas on the 28th ult. with a cargo for New York, and eight passengers, (four of whom, a Frenchman and three Spanish sailors,) on the first June, about midnight, rose upon the captain, crew and remaining passengers, and slaughtered all except three, viz. the mate, Mr. Edward Dobson, of Somerset, (Mass.) the cook and a French gentleman passenger; they also stabbed the mate (but he having run aloft where he remained during the night, they spared his life in consideration of the assistance he might render them as a navigator. After completing their bloody and revolting task, the Frenchman took the command of the vessel, destroyed her papers and colors and substituted a complete set of Spanish papers which they brought on board with them, purporting that the vessel was Spanish and that she had cleared at Matanzas for Hamburg.—Aware that it would be necessary to increase their stock of provisions for a European voyage, they tried to get into St. Marys to obtain supplies, but the wind setting them off they were unable to fetch into a port until they made the Capes of Virginia, which they did on Tuesday morning, when they were boarded by a Pilot, who understanding their object to be to obtain provisions with the least possible delay, advised them to put in at Old Point comfort as the most convenient place, and they accordingly anchored there about 6 o,clock on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Dobson, the mate, from whom the foregoing particulars were obtained, states that on anchoring, the pirate Captain ordered him to have the boat lowered and brought alongside, as he intended to go ashore at the Point. He accordingly got into the boat and as soon as she was lowered to the water he cast off the tackle, seized an oar and sculled away for the shore, the pirate calling after him and asking if he was going to betray him. On landing, the mate related the above particulars to several of the officers of the Fortress, who were some time doubtful as to the probability of the story, but on his mentioning that the name of the vessel on the stern had been obliterated, Capt. Dana ordered a boat and rowed off to the vessel to ascertain if such was the fact. Before he had reached the vessel, however, he was hailed from her by the pilot and informed that the pirate Captain *had cut his throat.* The three Spaniards had a little before by some finesse got possession of a boat from a neighboring vessel and made their escape to the Elizabeth City shore, where all diligence has been used to effect their apprehension. Capt. Dana and his boat's crew boarded the vessel and kept possession of her until she was delivered over to the custody of Mr. Westwood, the custom house officer at Hampton, to whom Col. Gratiot had in the first instance sent information. She has been sent up to Norfolk and an inquest was held on the body of the pirate Captain, (whose name was believed from his papers, to have been *Alexander Tardy,*) which was the next morning interred on the beach.

Of the victims to the bloodthirsty monsters who wrought this horrible catastrophe, the following particulars are obtained from Mr. Dobson the mate of the Crawford:—Capt. Henry Brightman, of Troy, (Mass.) stabbed and thrown overboard; Asa Bicknell, seaman, of Connecticut, shot and thrown overboard; Joseph Doliver, seaman, of Salem, (Mass.) throat cut and thrown overboard; Oliver Potter, seaman, of Westport, (Mass.) stabbed desperately but escaping from the clutches had run up to the mast head where he remained until exhausted by the loss of blood he fell to the deck and expired; Nathan ——, seaman jumped overboard and was some time afterwards heard calling for a plank or barrel to be thrown to him, but the demons regarded him not; Mr. Norman Robinson, of Connecticut, passenger, and part owner of the cargo, jumped out of the cabin windows and was drowned; an Irishman, a carpenter by trade, from Providence, (R. I.) who had been following his business for some time at Matanzas, was killed and thrown overboard.

By the arrival yesterday of the schooner Juliet, Capt. Oakley, in 60 hours from Norfolk, we have received from our attentive correspondent, Mr. Lyford, the following additional particulars.—*N. Y. Morn. Cour.*

The actors in the bloody scene were a Frenchman named Alexander Tardy, and three Spaniards, his accomplices. These miscreants, who had previously formed their plan, entered as passengers on board the brigantine Crawford, Capt. Brightman, at Mantanzas, for New-York. The Crawford belongs to Troy, (Mass.) was owned by the Captain and his brother, and had taken in a cargo of molasses, coffee, &c. consigned to Messrs. G. G. and S. Howland, of New-York, and part of the cargo to Mr C. Allen, of Providence, (R. I.) She sailed from Mantanzas on the 26th of May, navigated by the following persons:

Capt. Henry Brightman, of Troy, (Mass.) Edmund Dobson, Mate, of Somerset, do. Asa Ricknell, Seaman, of Connecticut. Jos. Dolliver, do. of Salem, (Mass.) Oliver Potter, do. of Westport, do. Nathan ——, do. ——Cook, a colored man.

Besides the four passengers named above, there were the following on board the Crawford:

Mr. Norman Robinson, of Connecticut, owning part of her cargo. Mr Ferdinand Ginoulhiac, a French gentleman; an Irishman, by trade a carpenter; an American, from Providence, (R. I.) also a carpenter.

The particulars of the horrid and revolting transaction which followed the sailing of the vessel, are thus related by Mr. Dobson, the mate of the Crawford, to Mr. Lyford, from whose books we have copied it:—

"Mr. Dobson, states that all the passengers came on board as is usual, and the foreigners all paid their passage money. Tardy and two Spaniards at $40 each and the other Spaniard who appeared to be a kind of servant, $20. On the morning of the 31st ult. Tardy prevailed upon Capt. B. to permit the Spanish servant to assist in cooking, urging as a reason that the duties of the vessel's cook were too great—Capt. B. consented, but soon after eating, he, together with the mate and Mr. Robinson were taken very sick, and Capt. B. expressed his apprehension to the mate that there had been a design against his life.

On the morning of the first, about 2 o'clock, the bloody tragedy commenced. The plan appeared to have been so arranged that Tardy and the three Spaniards each singled out his man; for at the same moment that Mr. Dobson was stabbed (in the shoulder) he heard the cry of Potter and the cook. Mr. D. and Potter succeeded in reaching the main cross trees, and the cook the fore-top, but very faint with loss of blood. The Captain was stabbed in the cabin, and as soon as he reached the deck, fell without uttering a word; Potter died and fell from the mast head overboard; Nathan jumped overboard, and Mr. Robinson threw himself out of the cabin window; one of the other men was deliberately stabbed on coming out of the forecastle, and the others, with the exception of the mate and cook, and the French passenger, [Mr. Ginoulhiac] all killed and thrown overboard.

"Mr. Dobson's life was promised him by Tardy if he would come down on deck, and Mr. D. at first dubious, ultimately went down on deck, and then it was that Tardy (who now assumed the command of the vessel) developed his views.

"All the vessel's papers, letters, colors, and whatever else tended to shew her character, were destroyed or thrown overboard, and a new set of papers, manifest &c. all made out in Spanish were produced; they having brought bunting on board with them, also made a Spanish Ensign. Capt. Tardy told Mr. Dobson that his object was to proceed to Hamburg, and as he wanted a navigator, and if he would never betray him, he should be amply compensated. The circumstances of the case admitting of no alternative, Mr. D. gave him the required assurance. It was found necessary, however, to touch somewhere for provisions, and Tardy suggested the idea of going into St. Mary's in Georgia, observing that he should not like to go to Savannah or Charleston, for there he was too well known. [Mr. D. saw his certificate of naturalization, which was issued in Charleston]—but the winds rather adverse, they concluded to stand for cape Henry, where Tardy stated he could go into the Chesapeake, and then take a boat and go to Norfolk, where he was also acquainted, and procure his supplies."

P. S.—We just learn, that the three Spaniards were apprehended last evening at sun-set, at Sleepy Hole Ferry, in Nansemond County, having been set across James river by a couple of negro men in a canoe. They were traced to the place of their capture by some gentlemen who were in pursuit of them, and taken to Hampton, where they were lodged in jail.

HORRID AND AGGRAVATED MURDER.

John Sing, Esq. the Coroner, was called on Friday evening to view the body of David Ackerman, then lying dead upon the deck of the sloop Phebe, of New York, at the Lower Landing in this village, to which place she had been brought by order of Capt. S. Green—to whose praiseworthy exertions and those of his crew and passengers the public and the friends of humanity are indebted for the arrest of one of the most depraved and brutal murders that ever disgraced the species.

It appeared from the evidence of seven witnesses which were sworn by the Coroner, and after a statement of Capt. James Hilliker, that William Miller, David Ackerman, and a lad of 13 years of age, son of Capt. Hilliker, left New York between 2 a 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, for the mountains about a mile above Lower Colster, for a load of stone; that the captain, who, was also owner of the vessel, remained in N. York to collect some monies, and employed David Ackerman to assist on board, but left Miller in command of the vessel;—that some time after leaving state prison wharf, New York, from which she sailed, Ackerman advised Miller to steer farther out into the river, and leave the eastern shore, which Miller refused to do—Ackerman then endeavored to take the helm from Miller when Miller struck him and knocked him from the quarter deck into the row boat then towing alongside; Ackerman after considerable time with difficulty regained the deck of the sloop, being stunned by the blow and fall, and went to the forward part of the vessel. Miller then gave the helm to the lad, Allen Hilliker, (and told him if he did not obey him, he would kill him,) and without further provocation again attacked and beat with a club and an axe poor Ackerman, who repeatedly begged of him to spare his life; Miller then tied a rope around his victim under the arms and fastening the other end to a timber head, threw him overboard and dragged him in the water for some time alongside—he then hauled the unhappy man upon the deck, and finding him not quite dead, with more than savage cruelty and relentless rage, again repeated the beating, and kicked or stamped upon him with his heels. The corpse was most shockingly mangled. Shortly after this transaction, ere the corpse was cold, Capt. Green, who commands the Bolivar from this village, having a favorable flaw ran up to the Phebe, who was becalmed, and it is supposed that Miller thought the persons on board the Bolivar saw him beating Ackerman and had bore up in pursuit of him; Capt. Green observing from the blood on Miller's shirt and the expression of a guilty man's countenance, that something had happened, hailed him saying Shipmate have you been fighting among yourselves? Miller answers, I have defended myself, and the man lies there! Capt. G. ran up the shrouds and saw Ackerman lying near the pump apparently just dead. He then boarded the Phebe, and with the assistance of his passengers and hands pinioned and secured Miller, and putting part of his crew on board the Phebe, brought them to this village. Capt. G. boarded the vessel on the east shore about half way between Spitendeuval and Yonkers, and the time from the beginning of the work of death to its close was probably two hours. The verdict of the jury was—*Wilful Murder.*

David Ackerman the murdered man, was a citizen of New York, about 30 years of age, and has left a wife; he was interred on Saturday in the burial ground contiguous to sparta.

William Miller, the murderer, says he was born in Raymond, Rockingham County, New-Hampshire; that he had lived on a gentleman's farm in Greensburgh ten months; and that he has a wife in New York, which last assertion Capt. Hilliker disproved.

West Chester Herald.

NEWBERN, N. C. June 9.

MURDER.—A murder was committed in Lenoir County, on the 28th ult. the particulars of which, as related to us, are as follows: On the evening of the 27th, a daughter of Ezekiel Creech, was carried off and married to one Bender, contrary to the will of her father.—Simon Rouse, a neighbor, was supposed by Creech to have been an accomplice in the elopement, and on their meeting the next day, a dispute ensued, which ended in the death of Rouse. The murder was perpetrated by Creech's discharging the contents of a loaded gun through the left breast of the deceased.—The Jury of Inquest gave a verdict of "Wilful Murder" Creech is yet at large.

At Broad Creek, in this County, on Wednesday last, during a quarrel between Jesse McCotter and Nathaniel Clark, a negro man belonging to the former, in consequence of his rude interposition in behalf of his master, received a stab from Clark, of which he died the day following.—Clark was immediately arrested and committed to prison.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16.

FIRE.—Early this morning the cry of Fire was heard through our streets, the bell at the State House was rung, and in a few minutes our active fire and hose men had their engines on their way to the fire, which was at the corner of Plum and Fourth streets, in Southwark. The fire broke out in a stable; eighteen houses, fourteen of them frame, were burnt down.—None of them were insured, and the inhabitants were generally in indigent circumstances. Two horses were burned to death, and we were informed, on the spot, that a young child was severely burned. It is believed that the fire was purposely communicated to the stable. It is to be regretted that the facts connected with this, and every other fire, are not promptly ascertained, after the extinguishment of the fire.

We have just ascertained, that the child, reported to have been burned, is not injured. The facts are these—it was forgotten in the fright of its parents, and *locked* in one of the houses which was on fire. The moment the parents found themselves in safety, they thought upon, and called for their child, which was asleep enveloped in the flames. Some generous hearted, fearless soul, broke into the house, and carried the child in safety to its parents. The want of WATER was sensibly, and would have been much more severely felt, but for the recent introduction into a part of the District, of the Schuylkill water.

A DIVORCE.—A short time since, in an adjoining town, a happy pair were regularly joined in wedlock by a facetious township squire, whose fees totatally exhausted the funds of the bridegroom. Not many days, it appears, had elapsed before the parties who had been joined "till death should part them," became mutually dissatisfied with their lot, and returned to the squire with many tales of woe, beseeching him with all their eloquence to *unmarry* them, which he agreed to do, provided he was previously paid the sum of *three dollars*, double the fee of the first ceremony. The sum the bridegroom paid by a week's labor on the squire's farm. Then came the ceremony of "parting." The squire placed a block upon the floor, on which was put a live cat: one pulled the head and other the tail, while the squire, with an axe, severed the cat in twain, at the same moment exclaimed, "Death has now parted you!" The couple departed with a firm belief that the performance was strictly legal, and have not lived together since.

Plainerville Tel.

SHIP JAMES MAURY.

Extract of a letter from the 1st mate of the ship James Maury, dated Elsineur May 7, 1827.

"I am happy to inform you of my arrival at this port, after a tedious passage of 55 days. I will now give you a few particulars of our misfortunes. March 11th, we sailed from Havana, with a fair wind, and run at the rate of 7 miles per hour, until the 25th of said month—at which time it came to blow a tremendous gale from the N. E. We lay the ship too, under close-reefed main-top-sail. At 10, P. M. (it being my watch below) a very heavy sea broke in upon our larboard quarter, and washed the 2d mate, (Mr. J. Goldsberry) and three seamen, [names not mentioned] overboard, and they were seen no more. The Captain being on deck at the time, he was knocked down, and we did not find him till 20 minutes after. His left arm was broke above his elbow, his head cut in three places, and his body bruised in such a manner, that he was black-and-blue all over. Every article moveable was washed from the deck. After removing the Captain to the cabin, I ordered the pumps to work. At 5, next morning, sounded the well, and found 4 1-2 feet water in the ship. By this time all our sails were blown away. On the 26th at 5, P. M. we freed the ship from water, and all hands busy repairing the wreck. Myself and one man set the Captain's arm as well as we could, and dressed his wounds. 27th, the gale abated, we bent new sails, and proceeded on our passage. We arrived here on the 4th of May. The Captain has not been out of his bed for 43 days. He thinks he shall lose his arm. We are now in quarantine for 4 days. We have had constant gales all the passage since our misfortune."

B. Palladium.

FROM BATAVIA, March 8.

The affairs at Java, when the Janus at Salem, left Batavia, remained in a critical position; during the three months previous, the rebels had advanced upon the colonists, much increased in power and numbers. On the first of March they were but 30 or 40 miles from Samarang. The force that the Government could oppose to the rebels at this time could not be great at any particular point, from the necessity of dividing their troops to occupy many military posts, as the rebellion is so general through a large part of the Island.

Numerous plantations of Coffee and Sugar have been entirely destroyed by the rebels.

The conducting of the war in Java was very difficult, by reason of the policy of the rebel Chiefs, who constantly decline a general engagement. Whenever attacked by any considerable European force, they immediately retire, and if pursued disperse, watching every opportunity of attacking the Dutch in small bodies. The excessive fatigue occasioned by this desultory war, has occasioned sickness among the European troops, which has destroyed more men than the sword of the rebels, and considerably weakened the power of the colonists.

When the J. left Batavia, official news had just arrived from the Netherlands, that 3000 troops were upon the point of embarking for Batavia which would probably arrive in May or June. With the assistance of this force, it is expected, the Colonists will be able to quell the rebellion. [One or more of the vessels with troops was wrecked, which would, at least, cause a great delay in getting out.]—*Ib.*

A great number of rich American Spaniards have gone to Europe with their wealth, but were then afraid to enter Spain; but sat themselves down in France and England, where the laws afford protection. Spain has since invited them there, saying that the frightful pictures of dissentions were *all* imaginary—and promising them security for persons property and opinions.

Some Freemasons in Spain have been condemned to the gallies for 6, and some for 10 years. The old and paralytic Count Caraya is one of the latter. The Marquis de Cabrinana cut his throat to avoid such disgrace.

The being Prime Minister of England has often been attended with a dreadful fate.—Of 31, since the *reformation*—(it may be inferred it was worse before)—13 have been executed—2 murdered—6 died in prison or exile—some committed suicide—and 4 are said to have saved themselves by sacrificing their Masters.—*Ib*

Of the 350 Members of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, 234 are new, or were not Members last year. The senate consists of 40 Members—20 of whom were not Members last year.

The opposition found fault with the journey of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Cambreleng to the South being noticed—but hear what one of their papers, (the Richmond Enquirer,) says, when Mr. Clay sets out for his farm in Kentucky:

B. Pal.

"Mr. Clay will probably pass through Pittsburg on his tour of reconnoissance. He is expected to make an electioneering speech, and move the very stones of Alleghany county to rise against Gen. Jackson."

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY.....THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1827

The following communication was sent us last week from an esteemed correspondent. Some of our subscribers, if they *chance* to get this number of the OBSERVER, may find out the difficulties which occasion their not receiving their papers in a regular manner: and we feel heartily glad that our friend at ——, has seen fit to expose the conduct of some of his *narrow contracted* and *no souled* visiters; for it is our opinion that any man who is *willing* to read a paper, *ought* to be also *willing* to pay for it. But how many people are there who suppose that a *newspaper* is altogether unnecessary—they can do without it, and had rather *borrow* one, or *steal* a look at it on the counter of a *grog shop*, than become a subscriber for it.—We know of several persons who cannot *afford* to take a paper; but who make it their *constant practice*, to be at the store when the *Post* arrives, in order to hear the news—while waiting, they will drink at least a gill of *new* rum, which costs them as much as the paper, were they a subscriber for it; besides spending half a day in idleness—they can *afford* this, but cannot pay *two dollars* a year for the paper—when not only they, themselves, might read it, but their families also, receive the benefit of information.

But as our friend *Postfree* has asked our advice upon this subject, we without the least hesitancy say to him, to do his *duty* as *Postmaster*, and run the risk of losing the offices of "Selectman, Assessor and Overseer of the Poor," for we feel confident that if he is faithful in a few things, he will stand a much better chance of being made ruler over many—and should he once come to the resolution to do this, he would find his duties as *Postmaster* much easier peformed. We however are not unintérested in giving this advice to our friend POSTFREE, for we feel assured that were Postmasters more attentive to their duties respecting letting the different papers they receive at their offices, being opened and perused by those *stingy* or *idle* set of people, that there would be *more* papers subscribed for—as we are well pursuaded that many who open and read papers in the manner above described, were they deprived of that privilege, would on reflection see that the measure was correct, and subscribe for some paper immediately.

We know of one Postmaster in this County, who never delivers any paper of which he takes the charge, except by order of the owner; and we presume to say, that he never has had any difficulty in the discharge of his duties since he adopted this regulation.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

MR. PRINTER,—I would wish to consult you on a subject as interesting to yourself, perhaps, and all your fraternity, as to me and mine.—You must know that I am a Post Master in a country village, where I keep a store and where a goodly number of people often congregate. Several of your Observers, and some other papers, are left by the Mail Carrier at my store, for delivery to their several proprietors.—Others come in the mail, so that on the whole, we have a pretty good supply of news from all quarters, on the weekly arrival of the Post. Now, Sir, what I wish more particularly to consult you upon is, the extreme delicacy of my situation, resulting from my relative duties, as P. M. and my obligations as a neighbor. Such is the custom, and so long established that, it is become exceeding doubtful who has the right of previous perusal of the papers, the real owner who pays for them, or a neighbor who has perhaps a strong disposition to read and less to pay; but who by greater vigilance, first gets possession of the print. One who should examine this question by the abstract principle of right and wrong, would no doubt think that he could resolve it at once. But let him acquaint himself with the inveteracy of a custom, introduced and maintained by a domineering assurance, if his course of reasoning be not disturbed, I shall be mistaken, if his conclusions be not half stifled in their utterance.

Now sir, it would be well for the publisher of a newspaper to be made acquainted, if he be not, with the fare that his subscribers meet with. I will therefore give a sketch of this, such as is daily experienced at my store on the important occasions of the arrival of the mail. The sounding horn having given due notice, the benches and counter are soon filled with the lovers of news, and politcs, stories and poetry; and the bundle of Observers is no sooner placed on the counter, than it is broken open, and distributed among the numerous readers, each helping himself. Having devoured these, you will see some one pass boldly behind the counter, and taking up the package of Jacksonians, without leave or license, break it open; and these also pass through the circle—not yet satisfied, you will presently see, while I am drawing a jug of molasses, or a bottle of New-England, for a customer, some one or two, more presumptuous than the rest, step to the P. O. desk and unhesitatingly open it and select such more distant papers, if there be any, as they may wish to peruse, and, stripping off their wrappers, proceed to read them. Others more timid, but yet full willing to enjoy all their rights, will ask me for such and such papers to look at, knowing me to be one of those good sort of souls, that never can deny a favor. Now sir, by and by comes trouble enough. Capt. Davis calls for his paper, and I proceed to hunt it up among the company, and search in vain.—Presently one, on hearing me wonder where it is, and Capt. D. scold a little, picks it up out of the mackerel barrel, where it has been well pickled.—At this Capt. D. becomes outrageous, and declares he'll stop his paper immediately; saying, that he loses more than half of them. This scene is no sooner over than Esquire Freeman sends for his Observer, when I commence my search for that, and to no effect; for after a while, one of the reading club observes, that he saw old Capt. Skinflint carry it off. This is no sooner told than Major Manly steps in for his Gazette, and immediately Mr. Screwpenny observes that he may have it in a few minutes, as he only wishes to finish a short piece that he has just begun to read.—Next in comes Gen. Freeport, for his National Intelligencer; and presuming this is safe in the drawer, I step to get it, but am interrupted by an apology from Mr. Peter Slink to the Gen. for having torn his paper in two, while tearing off the wrapper.—This Sir, is a faint sketch, of a scene that weekly occurs at my office, and I presume at many others. And now I wish for your advice, whether I should not be justified in totally prohibiting all papers to be read in my office without the consent of their proprietors. I have for sometime refrained from taking this course, from a fear that my popularity might suffer, for you must know Sir, that I am a man of some importance in my town, and at this time officiate in the capacities of Selectman, Overseer of the Poor, and Assessor, which honorable offices I may lose by offending these intruders. However this may be, I am pretty much determined to act independent for once at least in my life, especially if you think I ought to take a more decided stand in this case. One thing in my opinion, has an essential bearing on the question, viz.: that these very lovers of good reading, and who take no papers, are the most able to pay for them; and they probably will never be at any expense for newspapers, so long as they can be indulged in the use of their neighbors', gratis.

I am Sir, with much respect,
your very humble Servant.
JONATHAN POSTFREE.

JUDGE OF PROBATE.—Many of the people of this County, will no doubt, be much disappointed, that STEPHEN EMERY, Esq. an unyielding federalist and decided opponent to our State Administration, as well as national, should in this instance have been preferred to the HON. REUEL WASHBURN, an uniform and consistent Republican, and who is guilty of no political sin, but that of *inflexible integrity*.—With a view to satisfy our readers, we have taken pains to ascertain the result before the Council, as well as the influence producing it; the decision of the Council was by a majority of one vote only. Messrs. MELLEN, of Oxford, Wellington, of Kennebec, Whitney of Hancock, and Patten, of Penobscot, in the affirmative; and Messrs. Chadwick of Cumberland, Wood of York, and Thayer, of Lincoln, in the negative. The influence producing this result is that active power beginning to be better understood in Oxford County, called *Court House* influence—a combination of office holders and others, who are in favor of amalgamation or not, according to circumstances, and as they meet with those who will subserve their ends. The appointment is made by competent authority and must be submitted to, however much the wishes of a majority of the County may have been disregarded. We know the deception practised upon the Governor and Council, and the difficulties of their situation, and we mean no disrespect to them in our remarks; but we should feel that injustice were done to the majority of Oxford, were we to pass over this appointment in silence.

A GOOD PLACE FOR MINISTERS.—Two gentlemen, merchants in *Utica*, N. Y. have a *nota bena* to their advertisement stating, that they will make a discount of *six per cent*, from their regular prices to the Clergy.

CANAL TOLL.—The increase of tolls received in the months of April and May on the *Erie* and *Champlain* Canals, exceed that of last year during the corresponding months nearly *thirty thousand dollars*.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON,—Will you have the goodness to propose to the people of Oxford County, through your paper, the following question, viz: "How far ought a public officer to be tolerated in abandoning the immediate duties of his office, for the purpose of dancing attendance on the Governor and Council, and misrepresenting the wishes of those by whose indulgence he has his living?"

For the present I propose this question for reflection merely, and not for discussion. The time may come when its discussion will be not only proper but urgently demanded by an indignant
County. HINT.

Oxford County, June 26, 1827.

THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

This gentleman, a man of fine talents, previous to the late Presidential Election, was the devoted friend and admirer of Mr. Clay, and made every effort to secure the election of the "Kentucky canditate;" but, finding there was a prospect of General Jackson's being elected to the Presidency, he halted, and came out one of Mr. Clay's most bitter and violent opposers; and ever since that period, has been the determined advocate of the Tennessean candidate.

Mr. Benton is one of the principal file leaders of the Opposition, and is looked upon as the very Hercules of the faction. In the year 1813 he was attached to the United States' Army, and whilst holding the commission of a Colonel, was engaged in a bloody personal combat, with General Jackson, Colonel Coffee, and one or two others. The account of the affair is almost too repulsive to one one's nature, to be published, but as it was at the time laid before the public by the Senator himself, we shall proceed to copy it, from the original handbill, put into our hand by a western correspondent. In perusing it, the reader will voluntarily revolt from the recital of so bloody a deed, and naturally ask himself, if such a man as Gen. Andrew Jackson, should be elected to the Presidency of this Republic.—*Literary Cadet.*

"FRANKLIN, (Tenn.) Sept. 1813.

"A difference which had been for some months brewing between General Jackson and myself, produced on Saturday, the 4th instant, in the town of Nashville, the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized country. In communicating this affair to my friends and fellow-citizens, I limit myself to the statement of a few leading facts, the truth of which I am ready to establish by judicial proofs.

1. That myself and my brother Jesse Benton, arriving at Nashville on the morning of the affray; and knowing of Gen. Jackson's threats, went and took our lodgings in a different house from the one in which he staid, on purpose to avoid him.

2. That the General and some of his friends came to the house where we had put up, and commenced the attack by levelling a pistol at me, *when I had no weapon drawn*, and advancing upon me at a quick pace, *without giving me time to draw one.*

3. That seeing this, my brother fired upon Gen. Jackson, when he had got within eight or ten feet of me.

4. That four other pistols were fired in quick succession; one by Gen. Jackson at me; two by me at the General; and one by Col. Coffee at me. In the course of this firing, Gen. Jackson was brought to the ground; but I received no hurt.

5. That daggers were then drawn. Col. Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donaldson made at me, and gave me five slight wounds. Capt. Hammond and Mr. Stokley Hays engaged my brother, who being still weak from the effect of a severe wound he had lately received in a duel, was not able to resist two men. They got him down; and while Capt. Hammond beat him on the head to make him lie still, Mr. Hays attempted to stab him, and wounded him in both arms, as he lay on his back parrying the thrusts with his naked hands. From this situation a generous hearted citizen of Nashville, Mr. Sumner, relieved him. Before he came to the ground, my brother clapped a pistol to the breast of Mr. Hays, to blow him through, but it missed fire.

6. My own and my brother's pistols carried two balls each; for it was our intention if driven up to our arms, to have no child's play. The pistols fired at me were so near, that the blaze of the muzzle of one of them burnt the sleeve of my coat, and the other aimed at my head at a little more than an arm's length from it.

7. Capt. Carroll was to have taken part in the affray, but was absent by the permission of Gen. Jackson, as he has since proved by the General's certificates; a certicate which reflects, I know not whether, less honor upon the General or upon the Colonel.

8. That this attack was made upon me in the house where the Judge of the District, Mr. Searcy, had his lodgings. So little are the laws and its ministers respected! Nor has the civil authority yet taken cognizance of this horrible outrage.

These facts are sufficient to fix the public opinion. For my own part, I think it scandalous that such things should take place at any time; but more particularly so at the present moment, when the public service requires the aid of all its citizens.—As for the name of *courage*, God forbid that I should ever attempt to gain it by becoming a bully. Those who know me, know full well that I would give a thousand times more for the reputation of *Crogham*, in defending his post, than I would for the reputations of all the duelists and gladiators that ever appeared upon the face of the earth.

THOMAS HART BENTON.
Lieut. Col. 29th Infantry.

This bloody and outrageous affair was for some years harped upon by Gen. Jackson's friends in Tennessee; and but few persons who have visited Nashville, and taken lodgings at Talbot's Hotel, have not been shown the balls, with an air of exultation, which now remain in the wainscot, in the building, and which were discharged from Jackson's pistols, aimed at the head of Benton.—*Cadet.*

The Opposition, which is boasted of being "organized" against this Administration, so far as it disregards measures altogether, places its hostility on the assumption of the existence of a bargain or intrigue connected with the late Presidential Election. Of any such bargain we have expressed utter disbelief, from the first moment that it was charged against the President and the Secretary of State. We thought, at the time, that Mr. CLAY's vote was such as he could not help giving without a forfeiture of all character for political consistency, not to speak of any personal feeling which may or may not have entered into the matter. The pretence of the existence of such a bargain, however, has been gravely set up, and upon that ground the Combination, which has also been boasted of, denominate the present Administration "the Coalition."

If there was any improper understanding between these two high public officers, the evidence of it was the appointment of Mr. CLAY to the office of Secretary of State. The barrier which the Constitution has erected against such coalitions is to be found in the power of the Senate of the United States to control Executive appointments. The appointment of Mr. CLAY was the consummation of the fraud, bargain, or intrigue, (had it existed) which is now alleged as a reason for opposition to the present Administration, right or wrong. If there was evident wrong in the appointment, there was certainly collusion on the part of those who gave it validity by confirming it. The Delaware Journal furnishes, just now, quite *a-propos*, a copy of the Yeas and Nays on that appointment; at which we confess we were surprized: for, although we published them at the time, it was before any "concentration of sentiment" took place here, and of course before we thought of the alleged "coalition" being made the ground of opposition, much less of certain of our friends enlisting under that standard. We copy the Yeas, in the Senate, upon the question of confirming the nomination, and submit them without comment to the candid reader:

The following Senators voted for Mr. CLAY as Secretary of State: Messrs. Barton, Bell, Benton, Bouligny, Chandler, Chase, Clayton, D'Wolf, Dickerson, Edwards, Gaillard, Harrison, Hendricks, Holmes, of Maine, Johnston, of Loisiana, Kane, King, of Alabama, Knight, Lloyd, of Md. Lloyd, of Mass. Mills, Rowan, Ruggles, Seymour, Smith, Van Buren, and VanDyke.

[Mr. Noble, of Indiana, came into the Senate after the vote was taken, and wished to record his in favor of Mr. Clay—but it was not in order.]—*National Intelligencer.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Friday last, Messrs. Edmund, Fowler, Lester Laflin, and Matthew McCulley of Gorham, and William Orr, of Standish, with his son aged about 10 years, were on Sebago Pond on a fishing party. On their return, towards sunset, as is supposed, the boat was capsized in a sudden squall of wind, and they were all drowned. Their hats have since been found on Indian Island. Messrs. Fowler and Laflin were of the firm of Edmund Fowler and Co. of the Cumberland Powder Manufactory, in Gorham, and Mr. M'Culley, a native of Ireland, and a single man, foreman of that establishment. The two former gentlemen were natives of Southwick, Mass. Mr. F. has left a family in said town, and Mr. L. was recently married. Mr. Orr has also left a wife and family.—*E. Argus.*

BATH BANK.

"The bills of this Bank are not received at the Banks in this city."
Boston Patriot.

We understand the Directors of Bath Bank, have come to a determination not to redeem their bills at Boston—and we have the best authority for assuring the public that they will be regularly redeemed at said Bank with specie, whenever required, even to the last dollar of their circulation—The above notice of the combined Banks to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Ib.*

The Governor of Georgia has appointed the Honorable William H Crawford, to be a Judge of the Superior Courts of the Northern Circuit of that State.

Executive Appointments.

The following Executive Appointments were made at the late session of the Council.

James Bridge, of Augusta, Ashur Ware, of Portland, Commissioners to examine Banks under the Act of 23d February, 1827.

Samuel Redington, Vassalborough, Joseph Sewall, Farmington, Abijah Smith, Waterville, Agents under the "Resolve relative to the State Road north of the Bingham purchase," passed February 12, 1827.

Managers of the Steam Boat Navigation Lottery.

John Mahan, George Willis, and Solomon H. Mudge, Esq'rs of Portland.

FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.

William C. Allen, Alfred, *Register of Probate.*

FOR THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

Levi Hall, of Gorham, Elliot G. Vaughn, of Portland, Standing Committee on roads under the Acts of Feb'y 25, 1825, and Feb'y 24, 1827.

FOR THE COUNTY OF HANCOCK.

Job Nelson, Castine, *Judge of Probate.*
Thomas Cobb, Gouldsborough, *Clerk of the Judicial Courts.*
William Abbot, Castine, *County Attorney.*
Samuel Little, Bucksport, *Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions.*

Daniel Merrill, Sedgwick, Justice of the Court of Sessions.

Daniel Buck, of Bucksports, William Jellerson, Ellsworth, Standing Committee on roads under the Acts of Feb'y 25, 1825, and Feb'y 24, 1827.

FOR THE COUNTY OF KENNEBEC.

Samuel Titcomb, Belgrade, Church Williams, Augusta, Samuel Sibley, Albion, Standing Committee on Roads under the Acts of Feb'y 25, 1825, and Feb'y 24, 1827.

FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

Stephen Emery, Paris, *Judge of Probate.*

Thomas Winslow, Jay, Moses Hammond, Paris, Standing Committee on roads under the Acts of Feb'y 25, 1825, & Feb'y 24, 1827.

Gen. Wellington, of the Council, was appointed a Committee to obtain estimates and plans, and such other information as he may think proper, in reference to the expenditure of the appropriation, under the Act establishing the seat of Government, and to report the same at the next session of the Council.

The Council adjourned on Saturday last to meet again on Wednesday the 17th of October next.

Died,

In Barrington, Mrs. Abigail Snell, wife of Mr. George Snell, and daughter of the late Mr. John Lock.

In Greenfield, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. William Smith.

In Armstrong township, Penn. Mr. Thomas Boyd, at the advanced age of 102 years, and a few days. He had been in the war of the Revolution, his papers having been lost or mislaid, he never got on the pension list.

In Hadley, May 26, the venerable and pious Mrs. Sybil Smith, aged 101 years, 1 month, and 8 days. Her parents were Mr. Daniel Worthington and Mrs. Betsey his wife; the number of whose children was 19, of whom 15 lived to be heads of families. One brother and three sisters survive her; of whom one is 96 years of age, one 92, one 90, and one 85. The sum total of their ages, added to hers, is 464 years. The whole number of her descendants is 9 children, 83 grand-children, 171 great-grand-children, and 3 of the fifth generation; making a total of 266, of whom 204 are now living. Many of her posterity are professors of religion, of whom 3 are ministers of the gospel, and 4 have been connected with Foreign Missions under the direction of the American Board.

In Lovell, Me. Abigail, wife of Benjamin Wyman, Jr. formerly of Woburn, aged 31.

In Brunswick, Dea. Wm. Dunning, a man much esteemed, aged 84. His death was very sudden. Feeling a little unwell, he retired to rest in the evening with his wife; fell asleep, while resting with his hand upon his head, and in that situation he was found dead about midnight.

CASWELL'S PATENT
Pressing and Stump Machine.

THE subscriber has purchased the right of making, using, and vending to others, to be used, the above improvements for the towns of Paris, Norway, and Greenwood. All those of the above mentioned towns who wish for either of the above machines, to be put in operation this season, will please to make application immediately.

ISAAC LOVEJOY.
Norway, June 5, 1827. *154

KENNEBEC BILLS.

THE subscriber will take a few Dollars in Bills of this Bank at a Discount for GOODS, BOOKS or STATIONARY, if offered soon. ASA BARTON.
Norway, June 28.

WEBSTER'S AND GOODALE'S
SPELLING BOOKS for sale wholesale and retail at the *Oxford Bookstore.* June 6.

CROCKERY WARE,
CHEAP.

JOSEPH LEACH,

No. 6, MERCHANT'S ROW, PORTLAND,

HAS received per Robin Hood & Mount Vernon, from Liverpool, his spring supply of

Crockery & China Ware.

—ALSO—

On hand a General Assortment of GLASS WARES; all of which, will be sold low by the Crate, or at Retail.

Country Traders are invited to call.
May 24. 6w 152

MUSKETS & RIFLES!

PAYSON & NURSE,

No. 3, UNION-STREET, *BOSTON,*

HAVE on hand and offer for sale at very low prices,
10 Cases *MUSKETS*, for Infantry companies
5 do. *RIFLES*, do. Rifle do.
7 do. *FOWLING PIECES* and Ducking *GUNS*,
consisting of Percussion, Magazine and Flint *LOCKS*, of a variety of Paterns.
Best English Percussion *CAPS*—Patent Shot *BELTS*—Powder *HORNS*—Dupont & Eagle Gun *POWDER*—*SHOT*—*FLINTS*, &c. &c.

ALSO—a Prime Assortment of

HARD WARE
AND
CUTLERY.

April 6, 1827. ep4mpnao 146

HARD WARE.

ISAAC K. WISE,

No. 19, MERCHANTS' Row,
BOSTON.

HAS received by the Amethyst & Topaz, from Liverpool, his Spring GOODS,

—Among which are—

Naylor's and Sanderson's Cast Steel;
Hill's ANVILS; Colter Key'd VICES;
English Wrought NAILS;
English Cart and Wagon BOXES;
Dale Co. and IRONS;
Trace and Halter CHAINS;
Cast Steel Circular SAWS, all sizes, 3 to 36 inches;
Hand & Fine SAWS; Knives & Forks;
Pen & Pocket Knives; Scissors; Razors;
Hemming Needles; Mortice & Knob Locks;
Cast Steel Plane Irons and Chissels;
Iron and Brass Latches;
Shovels & Tongs; Wood & Bed SCREWS;

—ALSO—

A large assortment of Brass Cabinet Trimmings, consisting of Commode Knobs and 2 Rings; Round; Square and Plain Casters; Bed Caps, Ornaments, Lifting Handles, &c. Superior Steel mounted English Fowling Pieces, Stub Twist Barrels, Patent Chamber and best Percussion Locks.

—LIKEWISE—

200 doz. Stetson's Hoes;
100 do. Wright's Steel Plate do;
50 do. Ame's Shovels;
100 Brass mounted Guns, suitable for Infantry Companies, well finished, with roller Locks;
200 pounds Russia and American Glue;
200 Boxes Windsor Soap.

All of which will be sold on the most favorable terms for Cash or Credit.
Boston, April 20, 1827. ep9w-148

LOST, OR TAKEN,

FROM the Attorney's Bar, at the Court House in Paris, while the Supreme Court was in session, the last month, an OBLIGATION, signed by Samuel A. Bradley, Robert Bradley, and Robert Page, to myself; and which Obligation related to the subject for which an action of ejectment was brought (and tried at said term) by said Bradleys and Page, against myself.—As I have heretofore suffered in consequence of the *loss* of an important *deposition*, in an action pending in Court, and which was afterwards ascertained to have been taken from the Court House. I am the more solicitous that the above named obligation should be brought to light. I therefore offer a reward of *ten* dollars, to any one who will return said paper to me—or, if *purloined*, will furnish the necessary proof to convict the person who took it from the Bar of the Court House, as it may be of much consequence to me in the final adjustment of the subject between said Bradleys, Page, and myself. JAMES W. RIPLEY.
Fryeburg, June 2, 1827. 6w 155

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Townships and Tracts of unimproved Lands situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Taxes for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty six, viz.:

Township	No. 2, 2nd Range,	6,60
do	No. 2, Letter A.	8,15
do	No. 7,	6,30
do	No. 4, 4th Range,	6,60
Bradleys and Eastman's Grant,		6,10
Fryeburg Academy Land,		5,30
Andover Surplus West,		3,15

I hereby give notice unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships and Tracts of Land will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Court-House in Paris, on Saturday the twenty-eighth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Sheriff of Oxford County.

Dated at Hebron, this 22d day of May, A. D 1827. 6w 152

NOTICE.

BROKE into the enclosure of the Subscriber, and taken up doing damage, three colts, two yearlings both red horse colts, and a two year old mare colt, color black, with a white spot in her forehead.—The owner or owners are hereby requested to call, pay charges and take them away.

EBEN'R JEWETT, Jr.
Waterford, June 16, 1827. *155

ASA BARTON, AGENT,

HAS for sale a few Good RAKES at one shilling each.—Also SCYTHES, *cheap.*
June 28.

CORN FOR SALE, CHEAP,

BY ASA BARTON, AGENT
June 28.

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ON MY BIRTH DAY.

Full nineteen years this earth
Hath round the flaming centre roll'd,
Since that first morn which gave me birth,
And placed me in this dangerous world.

Ere half those circuits shall be made,
Perhaps, or half one annual round,
Beneath the turf shall I be laid,
In silent, peaceful sleep profound.

My thoughts review the seasons past,
What changes have they wrought for me!
Now smiling joy receding fast,
And now a weight of misery.

But smiling joy again is mine,
And ever dear, delightful hope,
Around my heart still loves to twine,
O may she never more elope!

Bright was the morning of my days,
Illumined by parental love;
And fancy strove in various ways
The lovely landscape to improve.

And she with whom a few short years
Endearing intercourse I shar'd;
With whom I mingled joys and tears,
Shall her soft voice no more be heard?

Yet fancy still, in ev'ry place,
May lend some cheering rays to me;
But O! my Mother's much lov'd face,
I never more on earth must see.

And since she's left the frail abode,
Without a guide her child must stray;
Too apt to quit the narrow road,
And wander in some doubtful way.

Yet hush! my too ungrateful heart!
Since health, content and peace are thine;
Of grief, expect to bear thy part,
And bow before Religion's shrine,

Whatever errors Heaven may find—
Whatever ills reserved for me,
May he forgive a feeble mind,
And mould it to its destiny.

Bethel, June 10.

Deferred Articles.

NASHVILLE, MAY 12.

METEORIC STONES.—An occurrence took place in this vicinity on the 9th of May, which deserves to be publicly noticed. Some large stones fell with immense velocity in Summer county, about 18 miles from Nashville, and sank into the earth with great force. One of them, weighing between five and six pounds, fell upon the farm of the Rev Mr. Kirkpatrick, a respectable gentleman, whose son was in the field at the time, and saw it as it descended with a loud noise through the air, on striking the ground it produced a great concussion, and sank several inches beneath the surface of the earth. The other which descended about the same time, fell upon a hard grass lot, and buried itself 10 or 12 inches in the ground. It is said to weigh about twelve pounds. The noise, resembling that of thunder or distant cannon, was distinctly heard 10 or 12 miles from the spot where the stones fell, and by some probably at a still greater distance. We presume the stones will be brought to Nashville, and submitted to an analysis, in order to ascertain the peculiar nature of their composition.

Since writing the above, Mr. Peter Ketring, a gentleman of high respectability and undoubted veracity, has called upon us with the following communication from his father-in-law, the Rev. Hugh Kirkpatrick, which confirms, substantially the statement given above, with some additional details,

To the Editor of the National Banner.

I will now give you a statement, as correct as is within my power, respecting a phenomenon which has taken place in my neighborhood. In doing this, I will confine myself to facts, and submit them to philosophers to explain.

On Wednesday the 9th inst. about four o'clock P. M. the day being as clear as usual, my son and servants were planting corn in the field, they heard suddenly a report; similar to a cannon, which was continued in the air resembling that of a battle, the firing of cannon, or muskets by platoons, and the beating of drums. Some small clouds made a terrific appearance with a trail of black smoke, from which came (no doubt) a number of stones, with a loud whizzing noise, which struck the earth like that of a ponderous body. One of these stones my son heard fall about fifty yards from where he was. In its descent to the ground, it struck a bapaw tree about the size of a small handspike, and tore it to pieces like lightning, by which means he immediately found the spot, and there saw the stone about eight or ten inches under ground, which weighed five pounds and a quarter; Mr. James Dugger was present. They state that the stone was cold, but had the scent of sulphur. On the same day, about the same time, my son-in-law, Mr. Peter Kettering, with his hands, was in a field about a mile distant, when a stone fell which weighed eleven pounds and a half. This took place near him, his wife, and three other women. A number of respectable men were present when it was found and taken up; it was twelve inches under ground. I have seen one that fell at Mr. David Garrett's on Station camp, and part of one that fell at Mr. John Bones'. I have also heard of one more that has been found. These stones are perfectly similar, glazed with a thin black crust, and bear the marks of having passed through a body of fire and black smoke. Many gentlemen have been excited within a few days to come to my house and see them, and say they never saw such before. At the request of some gentleman I took them to Gallatin on Monday last, which was the first day of our county court, where they were shewn publicly. I design to send the largest of them to Nashville in a few days.

Yours respectfully,
HUGH KIRKPATRICK.

Drake's creek, Sumner co. May 16, 1827.

SALEM, JUNE 5.

INDIAN REMAINS.—In the course of last week, some workmen employed in repairing the road from Beverly to Manchester discovered several skeletons, which are supposed to have belonged to the aborigines of our country. A correspondent who visited and examined the location on Saturday last, gives the following particulars:—

"The bodies, (eight in number) were found a little below Chapman's corner, on the left side of the road, opposite the school-house. They lay about two feet below the surface, with their heads towards the rising sun. The soil above them had no appearance of having been disturbed, a black line of mould about eight or ten inches below the surface remaining perfectly distinct. Our informant was unable to obtain a skull, and of course could not determine with certainty to what species of the human race, or to what variety, if the human race is to be considered one species, they belonged. The pelvis, thigh, (femur) bones of the leg, (ribia and fibula) and the indestructible os cocygis, were of the usual size and form. Under one of them was found a square bar of wrought iron one third of an inch in thickness and about one foot and a half long. At the feet of another was a pot of earthen ware, scollopped round the rim, and ornamented round the border with rude line work; the body of the pot was plain: the fracture is black, and exhibits spangles of mica. The vessel contained a quantity of muscles destined no doubt by these simple theologians for the food of the rising spirit. It was a custom with the natives to bury with their friends, corn, shell-fish, their pipes and tobacco, and other things, which were dearest to them in life. At this day, in the western country, the horse and dog repose in the same grave with their master, that the warrior may be ready to ride over the river Styx on the ghost of his horse, with the ghost of his "faithful dog" trotting at his heels. The same notion prevailed among the savages of the old continent. The mounds in Asia and Europe contain various articles for the use of the defunct. The Gauls in the time of Cæsar killed and buried the dearest of his wives as well as his horse with a chief of a clan. The Britons and Northern tribes did the same.—The wives of the Hindoos often accompany their husbands by a horrible death.—The Greeks sacrificed slaves on the tomb of the warrior to grace his entrance into Hades. So natural is superstition and so similar the workings of the human mind in similar circumstances. The spot where these remains were found is on the side of a hill near a stream of water, a very fit site for a wigwam. The oldest inhabitants have heard no tradition of its being a burying place, though the iron would seem to show that they must have been deposited since the first coming of the whites to these parts."—*Gaz.*

From the Confessions of an Old Maid.

* * * Out of all my real or fancied admirers, I have had but one downright offer; and that was of so singular a character, Mr. Editor, that I will relate the circumstances. It was a young man, of great property, and great understanding; and withal laboring under two great disadvantages, viz. He had St. Vitus's dance, and he stuttered; both to an excessive degree. This gentleman thought proper to fall desperately in love with me; and one bright summer evening that we were sauntering carelessly on the bank of a river, he undertook to offer himself. I listened patiently, not guessing at what was coming; for his words fell from him like drops from the eaves of a house after a shower; in clusters of two or three, after which an interval of as many minutes. He succeeded tolerably well, till he had arrived at the word "marry." Here he seemed permanently at a stand. It was in vain he gasped, and he struggled; the word was obstinate and would not come. In vain he went back a step, that he might return upon it with greater impetus; and at last changed the whole construction of his sentence, that he might pounce upon it unawares. It was neither to be carried by storm, nor taken at disadvantage, but from whatever quarter he approached it, like the sword that guarded the tree of Eden, it opposed him at every point. Confused, I turned away my head to avoid meeting his eye. And it was fortunate I did. He had a trick in the nervous excitement of his disease, of grasping at any thing within his reach; and when nothing else offered, he would rapidly button and unbutton a particular buttonhole in his pantaloons. In his confusion at the non-appearance of this obdurate word, he fell as usual to work on his favorite button, when a sudden jerk of St. Vitus coming across him, he unbuttoned much more than was at all seemly. He made one desperate effort to recover himself without my perceiving it. It was decisive. His suspender gave way, and to his astonishment and mine his "inexpressibles" fell at his feet. Never before I believe was loverlorn swain in so awkard and ridiculous a situation. The young man, who was really very diffident, in the confusion and agony of so novel and mortifying a situation, caught them in his hand, and breaking abruptly from me and his offer, thought to hide his confusion in flight. But he reckoned without his host. Embarrassed with so unwonted an obstacle, his feet became entangled and he fell. All this was the work of an instant; and was all owing to the obstinacy of a single word. But when he fell, his stomach coming suddenly and violently in contact with a large stone, out bounced the contumacious word as violently as if it had been discharged from a cannon, followed by an ejaculatory "oh!" As I could not offer to help him, I too fled in an opposite direction, and as I turned for the purpose of flight, "marry—oh!" sounded boldly in my ears; the first word in lofto alto, the second in a low plaintive base; both being evidently propelled by the sudden compression of his stomach, and the passage of the former, aided by the pressure of the latter word on its rear, like pellets from a pop gun. For him, so mortified was he, that he never waited for my answer, but left the town to hide his confusion and his love in the country. He fled me forever. Had he been an angel, I should have rejected him.

TABITHA PLUNKET.

[Galaxy.

[The following letter has come into our hands. We present it to our readers as we received it.—It is unquestionably such an one as might naturally have been written by the wretched Harris. During the Revolution, there were thousands of our Militia men who left the Camp, many of them in the face of the enemy, and returned home before the expiration of the time for which they had been drafted; yet in all that perilous time, during that seven years war, the great, the gallant, the generous and the good WASHINGTON never had an American Militia man shot. His noble heart recoiled from such wanton barbarity. There are, notwithstanding men guilty of the gross injustice of comparing General Jackson with General Washington!]—*Dem. Press.*

To Major General ANDREW JACKSON.

GRACIOUS SIR,

Condescend to listen, dear General, to the humble prayer of your poor petitoner, John Harris, now lying under sentence of death, by conviction of a court martial. Permit your poor friendless fellow creature, most gracious General, humbly to to approach, on his knees, before you, and state his hard case. Oh, do not despise a poor Militia man, because he has no friend to plead his cause: And oh, dearest blessed General, deign to have mercy upon me. My head is so confused with this terrible sentence of death, that I am fearful I shall not be able to state my case properly: but dear General, if a poor creature, on the brink of the grave, and condemned to suffer an ignominious punishment should fail to plead his cause fully, let him not cherish cruelly for his neglect. And may a gracious God, through the merits of an ever blessed Saviour, have mercy upon you, dear and noble General, at the day of judgment, as you shall have mercy upon a poor condemned agonizing militia man.

Your poor forlorn petitioner, most gracious General, is a private in Captain Strother's company of Militia. Our company was drafted out, by order of Governor Blount, in the month of May last. I left my poor sick wife and one little child at home, and God knows where they have found bread. And now, dear General if your warrant should come to take my life, what shall become of my poor wretched wife and faberless child. We reached our randyvoo on the 20th of June, and though we had been out some weeks, it was then, they said, the tour of service began. Dear General, I always behaved well, as a good soldier: Lieutenant Bennett testified to my good behaviour, on the trial, and so did Ensign Kelly. And truly, dear General, as God shall judge me, I did sincerely believe, that we could not be drafted out for more than three months—and General Washington, of Tennesssee, told the Court Martial, that he did not know whether the men was ordered out for a tour of six months or only three; and the General said he had writ to Governor Blount to know, but the Governor had not answered him. Besides this, dear General, we was told by several of the Officers, that there was no law for the militia to serve more than three months; and they said, the President's orders to Governor Blount was to draft out the militia, according to the old law of 1795; and the officers told us, the old law was for a tour of three months: So when the three months was up, dear General, we thonght we had the right and the law on our side, to go home. And though we was poor militia men, we thought if we had the law on our side, we was safe, especially as the officers said we had a right to go. And the officers that told us there was no law to keep us, are only broke and dismissed the service, and your poor wretched petitioner and five other poor militia men is condemned to a dreadful death.

Dear gracious General, have mercy upon us. Take pity on your poor, forlorn, friendless fellow creatures. We have just heard of the glorious battle which you have gained over the enemy. Oh, dear General, though we hav'nt fought under you, we are from your native State, Tennessee, and we have served faithfully; for that the officers testified for us. Let the only blood you shed, dear General, be the blood of the enemy. Spare us great and good General, for the sake of your own glory. You can pardon us, dearest General, even if the law was again' us, and God knows, we thought we had the law on our side. No body would think of finding fault with you dear General, if you was to pardon us. After such a great victory as you have gained, the President of the United States and all the people of America will be very happy to let you pardon six poor friendless militia men, who thought they had the law on their sides.

Perhaps, Dear General, there will soon be peace. The officers that told us we had the law with us said, there was five had gone out to make peace; and Great Britain had got fighting enough, and it was'nt likely, whether or no, we should be wanted in the service any more. And oh, dear blessed General, should it turn out, that the peace was signed a'ready, how it would grieve your noble heart, to think you had signed a death-warrant in time of peace, to take the lives of six poor militia men from Tennessee!

But if, dear and gracious general, you should not deign to spare the life of a poor wretched fellow creature, if he must be shot down, like a sick beast, although he thought he had the law on his side; then for the love of God, dear general, allow me a few short weeks to repent of my sins, and go home and see my poor wretched wife and my only child. Take me not out of the world, dear General, till I have begged my way back to Tennessee, to see my dear, dear wife and only poor little child, who must soon be an orphan. Or if you cannot, dear General, blessed General permit your poor suffering broken-hearted fellow-creature to go home and see the blue hills and the green fields of Tennessee, and his poor miserable wife and child, before he is shot, at least for the sake of Jesus Christ our blessed redeemer, give me a few weeks to repent. Dearest kind General, the country can wait for my blood. Do not shoot my soul as well as my body. Send not your poor sinful miserable fellow creature out of the world, without a little space to make his peace with a righteous Judge. Oh, dear general, I adjure you be your own soul's welfare; if you have ever done wrong, if you have ever sinned, and we are all poor sinful creatures—as you would pray and entreat not to be hurried before your final Judge, without a time to repent, spare your poor abject petitioner.

Dear blessed General, I cry to you from the dust of my wretchedness. Let me live at least a few weeks. O think, that when the dreadful word is given, and balls have passed through my heart and through my head, and the blood has burst out of my eyes, and my mouth, and my nostrils and my poor wretched carcass is thrown out to the beasts and birds of prey, that then the the worst will begin with my poor sinful soul, hurried up to its account.

Spare me then gracious General, a little while and your poor grateful fellow creature will pray for you, even when he kneels down to be shot, and his poor wife and his little orphan child shall pray for you, on their knees, till their last breath.

And so with a broken heart, on his knees prays your, poor, forlorn, despairing, fellow creature.

JOHN HARRIS,
Of Captain Strother's Company of Tennessee Militia.

Mobile, January 15th, 1821.

☞ In spite of all the reason that might be urged for his pardon and respite, Harris' death warrant came on, signed 22d January, two weeks after the battle of New Orleans, twenty-eight days *after the signing of the treaty of peace! Four days* after the warrant came on, Harris and his fellow Militia men were shot.

JOE STRICKLAND.

in the Bulls hed, guene 6, 1800 800 and 27.
Deere Unkle Ben—

I ges you egun to thinck thee oald nik had got hoald ov me, kaize I had,nt rit tu yew nor mi kuzzun ant Nabby Mahew so long—but i, me in kickin helth, un hop yew ar, so—i,ve bin as bizzy az a blee in a mud puddle—last wyntur Arnold sent me up tu Olbyna, tu look out about the Lotra bisniss—when awl our debbytiz got so chuk phull ov *Patlint* murrallity—that tha sed iph the lotry fokes di,nt stop sellin furrun tikets tha waz fraid the whol ov York Stait, wood be sunk bi a darn grate airth kwaick, so tha brort in a Bil tu hang awl the lotry men iph tha sold enny tikkit only sich what waz maid in York staite—won ov the Big Dibbytiz in what tha kawl the upper hous—maid a grate spaach un he got so phull ov murrallaty thut he *kride*—un sed he' d jist got a lettur that war'nt rit by noboddy—un war'nt sent to noboddy—butt he blievd a lotry man rit it tu skare him—i'll be darned iph I did'nt Pheel sorra for im—bym by I went rite in amung um and maid a plagy long spaach ses I, mistur debbytiz—ar yew a pak ov sich tarnal sap heds az tu think yew kan maik a lor tu stop me frum byin a forrun tikket—no not by a darn site ses I now mistur Debbytiz iph enny of yew kan lift youre selves off ov this flore by the waizebun ov youre own britchiz—oney gist tu inchiz un stay thare, till I kount Phorty then i'lo bleve yew can maik enny lor youre a mind tu—one Debbyty pulld up his britches pritty hard but he dursent try onny furder kaze he waz frait ov pullin hiz waizebun oph for he waz a plagy hevvy debbyty—un then he paddled uph un didn't kum bak agin. Another debbyty wanted tu maick the lotry fokes pay ate hundred dollars a yeer fur sell'in york tickets—un sed he'd stan tu it tu the "*last*;" now thinks I, iph yew aint a *sheic-maiker*, I'le eat pork un milk; bym by, *slap dash* kum the lotry bil frum the tother hous, az tha kall it, un it flue about like a hale storm: one hous kut his tale oph un tother hous kut his legs oph, un arter tha got thrue with it, tha sent it tu Davy Macklintun, the guvvenner, un he kut the hed un tale both oph; un he sent it bak agin, un told um tha didn't kno B frum a Buls foot: but az the biggist part ov the debbyty were Buk tales, tha tried tu put the tale on agin, but tha put it wher the hed aut tu be. Now, thinks I, I'le be darn'd iph I don't maik another speach in tother hous; ses I, mister senna-turs, yew sea what a darn tale foremust bizzynis yew maide: iph yew think yew ken stop a lotry man from sellin a fillydelfy tikket, youre darndly mistakon; its jist like tryen to hold a live eal by the tale, kaze the moar yew squeaze um the moar you kant hold um; by the lord Harry I maid'um stair like stuck pigges; finalla un tarnally, tha maid a pritty good lor; butt no thanks tu them bumblebees. Arnold keeps it upp hot un hevvy; he makes the Kimekle bils phly like smoake. I shant kum tu oald Varmount til I've got won or tu more Prizes frum Arnold. I bleve I kno what the maisons hev dun with Morgin; I meen to go arter him next weak, un iph I phind him, I'le rite tu ya—give my duta to Dekon Armariah Bigalow, un Square Pettybone, un awl the rest on um.

Yewre Lovin Neffew, till Deth,
JOE STRICKLAND.

Collector's Notice.—*Greenwood.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the town of Greenwood, lying in the north part said town, formerly known by the name of Raymond Grant, and in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, to collect for the year 1826, in the respective sums following, viz.:

	No. of Lots.	No. Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Whitpaint highway tax for 1826.	Total.
				$ c.	c.	c.	$ c.
	8	1	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	5	4	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
Formerly tax	11	4	50	20 33		1 20	1 53
to Capt. Ro-	7	8	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
ger Merrill.	2	5	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	7	5	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
Unknown,	8	5	80	45 74		2 69	3 43
	5	6	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	7	6	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	2	7	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	6	8	100	53 86		3 17	4 3
	12	9	75	38 62		2 26	2 88
	13	9	66	33 53		1 93	2 46
	14	9	66	50 82			0 82
Formerly tax to	E. & F. Swan, Unknown,						
	9	1	80	53 86			0 86

And unless said taxes, and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Monday the first day of October next, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of Enoch Cordwell, in said town of Greenwood, on said day, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN SMALL, *Collector.*
Greenwood, June 13, 1827. 155

Collector's Notice.—*Sweden.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land in the town of Sweden, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the following Lots of Land are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector for said town, for the year A. D. 1825.

	No. Division.	No. Lots.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
				$	$ c.
	2	10	100	250	0 31
	2	34	30	40	0 13
	2	23	100	400	1 31
	2	9	100	100	0 34
Delinquency of	5	7	100	500	4 20
highways for the	5	9	100	100	0 84
year A. D. 1824,	2	23	100	400	3 46
	2	34	30	50	0 42
	3	126	100	150	1 26
School house tax in	2	10	100	250	2 73
District No. four	2	31	30	40	0 44
in said town,	2	16	100	300	3 33

If no person shall appear to discharge said taxes and all intervening charges on or before Saturday the first day of September next at one o'clock P. M. so much of said Lots as will discharge the same, will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the House of the subscriber, in Sweden.

CALVIN POWERS, } *Collector of Sweden for 1825.*
Sweden, June 18th, 1827. 155

Waughrough Bloxham,

PROPOSES, in about three weeks from this time, to open a school in this Village, for instruction in the ART OF WRITING, upon a system, well calculated to facilitate the acquirement of a free and expeditious *business hand.*—Information as to character, ability, &c. may be had on application to J. Smith Esquire; also to A. Barton Esquire; at whose Office a subscription paper is left for signatures.

W. B. from his long experience as a teacher of writing, can venture to pledge himself to fulfil the *reasonable* expectations of those who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. W. BLOXHAM will keep a Writing School at Stowell's Mills, in Paris, during the time that it is kept at Norway.

Norway Village, June 11, 1827. *154

The Observer

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(FOR THE PROPRIETORS,)

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☞ The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

VOL. IV.]

Moral an

THE STR

['The following bea
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"Life bears us
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down the narrow
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